



CHAPTER XX.

Taking Stock.

"How's this head-line for that stock job?" asked Tommy North, suddenly looking up from his writing. "Mountain Climbers Wear Our Hose And Come Back Without a Hole!"

"Pretty good," replied Betsy-Barbara from her corner by the typewriter. "Now get the rest of it." She resumed her furious little stabs at the keys. The sudden conclusion of the Hank case left Betsy-Barbara afloat. She could not go back to Arden if she would, and she would not if she could. It was her whim to remain in New York; but the select young ladies' seminaries of the metropolis hesitated to employ a young woman who had figured so consistently on the front pages of yellow newspapers. Between trips in search of employment, Betsy-Barbara continued to typewrite the correspondence of the Thomas W. North Agency. Tommy, indeed, had offered her regular employment as his clerk. She spurned that offer, holding it to be mere gratitude. When she had learned the trade, she said, she might accept a position as typist, and not a minute before.

Tommy, unruffled by her business-like reminder, continued to view Betsy-Barbara. Presently the pencil dropped from his hand. He turned in his swivel chair and called: "Betsy-Barbara!" in a tone wholly inappropriate to office hours.

Being a woman, she caught it. "Tommy North," she said, without



"Betsy-Barbara!"

looking up from the keys, "read me that motto over your desk!" "Business Thoughts in Business Hours," read Tommy, obediently. "Well, what does that mean?" asked Betsy-Barbara.

"But what I meant to talk about now," replied Tommy in a wheedling tone, "is a matter of business. I've been taking stock. This fine-going concern made last month a hundred and fifty dollars above light, rent, office expenses and overhead charges. By Christmas we'll be making a hundred dollars a week."

"You'll be making," corrected Betsy-Barbara as she jerked back the typewriter carriage to begin the struggle with another line.

"That's the point of these remarks. You ought," he paused here—"you ought to have a share. You know you're responsible for the whole thing. Who made me start this concern? Who got me to cut out the booze and go into business for myself?"

"Well," replied Betsy-Barbara, "a tract of a preacher might have done that—anything which set you on the right way at the right time. And you wouldn't think of offering a partnership to a tract or a preacher."

"Betsy-Barbara!" called Tommy again. And on that name, uttered all too gently for the address of a stern employer to an inexperienced stenographer, he rose and crossed to her side. Somehow she did not protest—although she continued to look down on the keys. Her fingers stopped.

Tommy gulped; and his first words, as he settled on the stool at her side, were far from his original intention—and further still from strict business.

"Betsy-Barbara—why did you play around with that poor devil of an Estrilla?"

"If I wanted to be impertinent, I'd ask how that concerns you," replied Betsy-Barbara, saucily. "Well—because I liked him, I suppose."

"Do you remember," Tommy pursued, "the last time I got drunk—the last time I ever will?"

"The shoe-buckle night? Yes."

"You never knew why, of course!" said Tommy. "Do you remember some one coming into the front hall and going right out again? That was I. You were sitting—I saw you looking at him—I thought—"

"You didn't think right," responded Betsy-Barbara. She paused while the truth in her struggled against woman's

instinct to use strategy in that branch of human activity which is woman's chief business. The truth won.

"That's funny. You saw me when I was nearer—well, liking him—than I ever was before or after. He was a dear. You couldn't help being amused and flattered by him—but nothing else."

"Why didn't you like him, really—what held you back?"

Betsy-Barbara pulled over the carriage for another line—not with a jerk this time, but slowly and softly. At the same languid pace, she resumed striking the keys.

"Do you call this business?" she asked—but very weakly.

Tommy North laid a hand upon hers, stilling the keys under her fingers. "Betsy-Barbara, this is business. I mean that kind. You know—oh, blazes—I meant—why did I brace up and go to work, anyhow? It was because—you—I love you—there, that's out!"

Betsy-Barbara, her hand still helpless between the keys and his greater hand, raised her face. If she had shone before with eldritch light, she shone now with the light of many angels. The sheen and glitter of her hair, the fire of her eyes, the sparkle of her little teeth behind her parted lips—all the glory which makes stars things, she knew, had happened—must happen.

A step crackled on the dried leaves about the turn of the path. From about one of the bare brown trunks appeared a man's figure. And at the sight, a very calm of indifference settled over the spirit of Constance. So the devotee who has anticipated the sacrament through nights and days of raptures finds herself, as the priest approaches, without a ripple of emotion; so the coward, who has shivered through eternities of agony at the thought of the ax, finds himself incapable of thought or feeling of action in the presence of the headman. She simply leaned against the pillar, her soul as blank as her eyes.

His step quickened as he perceived her, but he said no word. Now he had come so close that he might almost touch her; and she, still leaning against the pillar, moved neither hand nor tongue nor eye. He stood close beside her on the piazza and— "Forever!" he said.

Constance swayed forward into his outstretched waiting arms.

CHAPTER XXI.

Happy Ever After.

Senor Juan Perez, Peralta, Argentine Republic, South America.

Dear Friend:

Received your letter last month and was glad to hear that everything is going well with you. Thank you for the picture. I see you're just as handsome as ever. If you wear those clothes all the time, though, your laundry bills must be something fierce. Both Martin and I are glad you're doing so fine in a business way. I knew you would, once you settled down—guess the jolt helped you. But I am most pleased to hear that your sister is beginning to get kinder in her feelings to me. Lord knows, everything I did was for the best. Am also glad to hear that her health is good and she is getting stout. I bet she's as handsome as a picture, now she hasn't anything on her mind.

In regard to a certain event three years ago, would say that it's all blown over. Marty still drops in at headquarters a good deal, and I had him look it up. He says it would be perfectly safe for a certain party to go back to Port of Spain, though he wouldn't advise visiting this land of the free and the home of the brave for quite some time. Not that he expects anything would happen—but it's best to be on the safe side.

Well, Martin and I are getting on fine. He comes up for reelection in November—fact is we're campaigning now—and it looks like a sure thing. Martin still thinks I'm the smartest and prettiest in the world, and I take care that he won't get on to me—but oh, my dear, my message bills are something fierce!

Now as regards friends of yours and mine, I'll tell you all the news I've got. Do you remember that Miss Harding in the boarding house? She's Marty's stenographer now, and a mighty good one. We're so afraid she'll get married sometime, and Marty will lose her. Miss Jones is married—lives somewhere up Yonkers way. Mrs. Moore has gone over to Jersey to keep house for an old uncle. Guess she expects some money from him when he dies.

Betsy-Barbara and Mr. North live in a little house on Long Island, and Mr. North commutes. He's making so much money he says he's ashamed of it. They have twin boys, and if ever I saw limbs—well, Betsy-Barbara is on the jump all the time keeping them from committing fifty-seven varieties



"Forever!" He Said.

of murder and suicide they've thought out for themselves. Martin says he's glad he's given up his old job, for it certainly would be up to him to get them both "life" some day. But I notice he's ready to go over there every time we're invited, and he spends the whole time playing with those youngsters.

The Wades are still abroad. Their little daughter was born in Florence. Mrs. Wade nearly died, but she didn't mind—that child, judging by the pictures they've sent, is a perfect little angel. Mrs. Wade says her name is Betsy-Barbara and she's the apple of her father's eye. They'll come back next spring.

Well, I guess that's about all. I gave Marty your invitation, but he says he can't see time ahead to take a long vacation. If we ever can, we'll come down there and visit you with great pleasure. And so, with love to your sister and best wishes to yourself, in which my husband joins me, I remain,

Yours truly,
ROSALIE M'GOWAN
New York, October 2, 19—
(THE END.)

One Grand Sweet Song.

Payton—"After his death an autopsy was performed." Mrs. Malaprop—"How swell! By which orchestra?"—Life.

Bargains.

Apocryph of a railroad property that had been sold at a ruinously high price, a statistician said: "It takes two to make a bargain, but only one of them gets it."

Would Make Reparation.

We told a proud father the other day that his baby was a perfect image of him. It pleased the father, but we are going to apologize to the kid as soon as he gets old enough to understand.—Exchange.

Honor McKinley's Memory.

William McKinley, our twenty-fifth president, was born January 29, 1843. His favorite flower was the carnation, and it is now very generally worn on this day, more perhaps by men than women.

Swiss Rainbow After Sunset.

A French astronomer recently had the unusual experience of beholding a rainbow in the Swiss Alps after sunset. It spanned a valley between two mountains to the eastward, complete and brilliant, 25 minutes after the astronomical sunset, and portions of it were visible for a half hour.

Another View of It.

"It is as much trouble to raise a puppy as a boy," according to a critic of women. Perhaps, but the pup doesn't go to college and gamble your hard-earned money away, and then expect you to buy an annulment when he gets drunk and marries a chorus girl old enough to be his mother.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Forget to Collect Their Money.

The British government every year reaps a huge profit from the people who forget their own government stock when dividends fall due. The fault rests entirely with the stockholders for they even forget to give their addresses, so that they can be notified that money awaits them in the government coffers. In this case, about \$5,000,000 is passed on to the national debt commission, and in turn it receives the interest from this money.

No More "Black Broth" for Him.

Among the forgotten dishes of the past was the "black broth of Lacedaemon." "What the ingredients of this sabbie composition were," says a writer, "we cannot exactly ascertain. Doctor Lister (in 'Apicius') supposed it to have been hog's blood. . . . It could not be a very alluring mess, since a citizen of Sybaris, having tasted it, declared it was no longer a matter of astonishment with him why the Spartans were so fearless of death, since any one in his senses would much rather die than exist on such execrable food."

Has No Advantage.

That Berlin physician who boasts that he can detect truth from falsehood by the breath has no advantage over the wives of men who try to hide it by eating cloves.—New York Herald.

ABOUT OUR TOWNSMAN

HON. M. R. SMITH

The American Minister Transmits to General Oreste Zamor the Congratulations of President Wilson.

"This morning at 10:30 o'clock the Honorable Madison R. Smith, Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of the United States of America, was received at a private audience by General Oreste Zamor, president of the Republic, to whom he transmitted the congratulations of the President on the occasion of his election to the First Magistracy of the State.

The Honorable Mr. Smith was accompanied by the Captains of the "SOUTH CAROLINA" and "NASHVILLE."

The ceremony was clothed with a simplicity of character which greatly heightened its significance. This brilliant mark of confidence given to the Government of General Zamor was welcomed by the President with satisfaction. It will have a salutary echo in all spheres. It is a new gauge of the excellent disposition which has from the outset animated American diplomacy toward the present power.

While the automobile, which contained the American Minister and the Naval Officers, was leaving, the Reformer Band again played the STAR SPANGLED BANNER.—From LE MATIN of March 3, 1914.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER

(Special correspondence to this paper by L. J. Hall.)

The stage is set for the repeal of the toll exemption clause of the Canal Act. There is no doubt that the bill will pass both Houses, although there is considerable opposition to it in the House, and perhaps more determined opposition in the Senate.

President Wilson has already thoroughly demonstrated his wisdom and statesmanship. We are guessing that his plans are to repeal the free tolls clause of the Canal Act and enter into treaties, making the canal zone and sea adjacent neutral. Should he succeed in doing this, there would be small need of fortifications and fleet of warships.

The amendment adding \$10,000 to the Agricultural Appropriation bill, offered and supported by Congressman Russell, aided by Congressman Rubey, may give Missouri an Entomological field station to fight the insect enemies of cereal and forage crops. Such an institution would be of incalculable benefit to the farmers of Missouri.

During the past year Cupid has made a great record at the White House; one daughter married; another betrothed to Secretary McAdoo; and Madame Rumor is whispering that the third is engaged to a Princeton man. The very latest (it may be gossip) is to the effect that another member of the family, a relative, is to wed in the near future. Verily, the Cherub has been busy at the historic old mansion.

In the debate on the Shackelford good roads bill in the House, only one member favored Federal aid in building highways across the continent. The sentiment and vote of Members having rural constituencies, were practically unanimous in favor of aid in the construction and maintenance of rural post roads over which to carry the mail and haul the products of the farm to market.

In discussing the item in the agricultural Appropriation bill providing \$145,000 for investigations of the best methods of mankind ordinary, sand-clay and dirt roads, etc., Congressman Rubey said among other things, "Too much attention and too much money are given to high-class expensive road building and not enough to building dirt roads. If the Director of the Office of Public Roads will lay aside for a time his high ideals of high-priced roads, and get away from the building of boulevard between cities, and co-operate with the plain people in building and improving the roads over which the products of the farm must be hauled to market, he will accomplish great good."

More than two hundred Missourians gathered around the tables at the annual banquet of the Missouri Society at Rauscher's Saturday night. This is a social organization of Missourians and Exes, and they enjoy themselves as only the children Grand Old Commonwealth know how. Our own Champ, toastmaster, always interesting to listen to, was in his happiest mood. He instructed, entertained and amused with his historical allusions, humorous stories and witty sayings. The speakers on the program were Senator Shafroth, of Colorado, Congressmen Bird McGuire and Scott Ferries, of Oklahoma, and Frank Frank Mondell of Wyoming. Missouri's Grand Old Man, Senator Cockrell, and Governor Dockery also made short speeches.

Not Too Many.

There are about 200 brands of religion. But that isn't so many when you remember that there are about 78,962,354 brands of cussedness.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Annual School Election

Notice is hereby given to the qualified voters of "School District of Farmington" also known as District No. 24, Township 35 and 36, Ranges 5 and 6, of the County of St. Francois State of Missouri, that the annual school election of said district will be held on

Tuesday, April 7th, 1914

at the following polling places in the City of Farmington, Mo., to-wit:

First Ward—City Hall, corner Columbia and Henry streets.

Second Ward—Circuit Court Room, Court House.

Third Ward—Waters Printing office, Farmers Bank building.

Fourth Ward—Henry Manley's Shop, Henry Street.

The polls will be open for such election at 7 o'clock a. m. and closed at 6 o'clock p. m. of that day.

The following propositions are to be voted upon:

1. To elect two directors who shall hold their office for three years.

2. To authorize the Board of Directors to levy a tax rate of 86 cents on the one hundred dollars assessed valuation for school purposes.

3. To provide free text books for the public school pupils.

By order of Board of Directors of "School District of Farmington."

E. J. McKINNEY, President.

J. P. CAYCE, Secretary.

Administrator's Notice

Notice is hereby given, That letters of administration on the Estate of M. M. Brown, deceased, were granted to the undersigned on the 25th day of February, 1914, by the Probate Court of St. Francois County, Missouri. All persons having claims against said Estate are required to exhibit them for allowance to the Administrator within six months after the date of said letters, or they may be precluded from any benefit of said Estate; and if such claims be not exhibited within one year from the date of the last insertion of the publication of this notice, they shall be forever barred.

This 25th day of February, 1914.

NORE E. BROWN, Administrator.

NOTICE OF CITY ELECTION

Notice is hereby given that an Annual Election will be held in the City of Farmington, Missouri, at the Polling Places, hereinafter named, on Tuesday, the 7th day of April 1914, for the purpose of electing a City Collector of Revenue for a term of two years, and one Alderman for each ward, for a term of two years each:

First Ward: City Hall, corner Columbia and Henry streets.

Second Ward: Circuit Court Room, Court House.

Third Ward: Waters Printing Office, Farmers Bank Building.

Fourth Ward: Henry Manley's shop, Henry street.

By order of the Board of Aldermen:

SAM'L L. ASBURY, Clerk.

March 18th, 1914, 9-3t.

Final Settlement Notice

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, James Cowley, administrator of the estate of Benjamin Cowley, deceased, will make final settlement of his accounts with said estate as such administrator at the next term of the Probate Court, of St. Francois County, Missouri, to be held at Farmington, Mo., said county on the 13th day of April 1914.

James Cowley, Administrator.

March 5th, 1914.

MISSISSIPPI RIVER AND BONNETERRE RAILWAY.

THE SHORT LINE BETWEEN ST. LOUIS AND LEAD FIELDS OF SOUTHEAST MISSOURI.

Notice of Final Settlement

Notice is hereby given to all creditors and others, interested in the estate of A. L. Orten, that I, J. H. Orten, Administrator of said estate intend to make final settlement thereof at the next term of the Probate Court of St. Francois County, State of Missouri, to be held at Farmington on the 13th day of April, 1914.

J. H. Orten, Administrator.

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Farmington, Missouri

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